

drip, drip.

richiehozier (strawbeddie)

drip, drip. by richiehozier (strawbeddie)

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Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Established Relationship, Fainting, M/M, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, i WILL pepper in the fact that Eddie loves Richie every other sentence, italics for emphasis, misuse of commas and them em dash, there is a plot and it's love babey, who's gonna check me?

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Summary:

“*Eds*,” Richie whines, drawing out his name obnoxiously. “You haven’t touched me in *days*. I’m starting to think you don’t love me anymore.”

or

It is much, much too hot for this shit.

drip, drip.

Author's Note:

yes i'm from chicago yes i'd rather deal with the
winter than the summer so what.
all mistakes are my own.
warnings for fainting.

“Eds,” Richie whines, drawing out his name obnoxiously. “You haven’t touched me in *days* . I’m starting to think you don’t love me anymore.”

Eddie looks up, frowning, from where his head is pillowed in Richie’s lap. Of course he loves him. “I’m touching you right now.” He says, confused.

“And Big Richie feels very appreciated and comforted by that fact, Eds, but Little Richie’s been feeling a little neglected.” He gestures uselessly to his lap.

Eddie makes a disgusted noise, sitting up so fast his head spins a little. He makes sure to put a few inches of space between them.

Then he turns to Richie slowly, and calmly says, “You know what? You were right. I don’t love you anymore.”

“Eddie, don’t be like that. I just wanna be close to you.” He pouts, and Eddie’s heart maybe melts a little. But his skin is also melting off his bones at the moment.

“Richie, it’s *hot* .” Eddie says, insistent.

And it *is* . If there’s one thing Eddie hates more than winters in Chicago, it’s summers in Chicago.

At least in the wintertime he can bundle up, and make hot chocolate, and snuggle up next to Richie - sharing body heat with the person he loves the most - what’s he supposed to do in the summer, when the heat is oppressive and the air is damn near impossible to breathe? Die?

"*You're* hot." Richie leers, wagging his eyebrows like a cartoon villain.

He's so *stupid* . Eddie's a goner.

"C'mon, Eds, we can do it in the shower." Richie suggests, glancing hopefully towards the bathroom.

Eddie thinks about the poor officers and EMTs who would find them naked and bleeding out on their bathroom floor, and he shudders. There's not enough money in the *world* .

"Not a chance."

"In the kitchen with the freezer door open?" Richie tries.

The worst part is that he's completely serious.

"You're *ridiculous* ," Eddie laughs, shoving at him playfully. He feels a little piece of his resolve chip away. "I'm not fucking you in front of our...perishables."

"Of course not." Richie nods solemnly, trying not to smile. "Not the perishables." He pauses, pretending to think. "On the floor? Heat rises, you know."

Eddie gags, "Oh, my god. *No* ."

Richie clicks his tongue, disappointed. "I knew that one would be a long shot." He shakes his head at himself. "Come on, Eds, what's a man gotta do to get some sugar from the love of his life, huh?"

"Lower the temperature about thirty degrees?"

Richie smirks, and Eddie already knows where this is heading before the words even leave his mouth, "Well, damn, Jackie, I can't contr—"

Eddie cuts him off with a kiss. It's the only thing that works sometimes, and he also just loves his boyfriend a lot.

It's been two years since Richie got the call: a job offer in the city by the lake, over a thousand miles from the small town they grew up in.

Two years since Richie had asked him softly, so softly, eyes wide and heart open, if Eddie would move halfway across the country with him, start a life with him in a new city - as if he'd thought Eddie might say no. As if Eddie wouldn't follow him anywhere, full of love as he was.

"God, okay, you *win* ." Eddie groans, like it costs him. "You're doing all the work, though, since you don't want to fix the AC."

He levels Richie with a look, daring him to argue, but Richie just grins and swoops him up unceremoniously, carrying him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes to their bedroom.

Richie drops him on the bed, then makes a show of undressing himself in the most awkward, least sexy way imaginable.

Eddie eyes him with mild disgust, working on taking off his own clothes, but Richie's hand on his arm stops the movements.

"Nuh uh, Eds. I'm doing all the work, remember?"

It's all fine until Richie tries to take off one of Eddie's sweaty socks with his teeth and Eddie almost calls the whole thing off.

"You're such a fucking freak." Eddie says, a mix between fond and horrified. "Hurry up and undress me so you can get me off and I can go to sleep. You exhaust me."

"I'll put you to sleep alright." Richie shoots back, giving him what Eddie assumes is supposed to be a sultry look.

"You gonna euthanize me, Rich?" Eddie quirks a brow. "You really do know how to sweet talk a guy."

"You will be missed, baby." Richie murmurs, leaning up to kiss Eddie, gently at first.

He tangles his fingers in Eddie's soft curls, controlling the pace. Richie takes his time with it, getting them both a little worked up, working his tongue into Eddie's mouth, swallowing all the little sounds he makes.

Eddie leans forward and tries to deepen the kiss, but Richie settles him, keeping up the delicious, slow drag of his tongue in Eddie's mouth.

It's not long before Eddie pulls away to catch his breath, leaving a trail of spit hanging between them.

"Shit, Rich. I thought you wanted to fuck." Eddie reminds him, breathless.

"I said I wanted to touch you and be close to you." Richie says, smug. "You little mink."

"*Minx* , dumbass." Eddie rolls his eyes, feeling fond as hell. He'll never get used to Richie saying and doing anything to make him laugh.

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Richie spends an insane amount of time working Eddie open with his fingers. He keeps his thrusts steady and purposeful, seeking out that spot inside Eddie that'll make him lose it.

"There." Eddie gasps when Richie's fingers brush over his prostate, arching into the touch. He feels feverish, flushing hot and cold, as Richie grins above him, wrist working.

He doesn't let up, either, just adds more lube and slides another finger in, making sure to maintain the same angle, nailing that spot with breathtaking precision until Eddie's trembling fingers wrap around his wrist, halting the movements.

"Enough, enough. I'm ready, please." Eddie begs, desperation creeping in.

Richie withdraws his fingers, wiping them on the covers behind Eddie's back so he doesn't see. He uses his clean hand to pat Eddie's hip, urging him to turn over on his back.

"Want to look at you, baby." He says, and Eddie's heart flutters as he pulls Richie down to kiss him again, sweeter this time.

Eddie pants a little brokenly when Richie pushes in, but then Richie's kissing his nose, his cheeks, caressing him as Eddie adjusts to the feeling.

It's good, it's so good being full like this, he doesn't even know what to do with it - can only twist his hands in the sheets and moan as Richie finds his rhythm.

Eddie's burning up. He can feel the heat threatening to devour him from the inside out as Richie's constant, precise thrusts threaten to take him apart.

God, he's never felt this *wet* before, either. He can feel himself leaking all over. Overwhelmed tears running down his cheeks, dick hard and dripping a steady stream of precum onto his stomach, his ass is leaking lube from where Richie got a little carried away, his mouth open and drooling as he's fucked halfway stupid.

He makes a sound from somewhere deep in his chest - so desperate and raw that it even surprises him, body going tight with tension before he takes a stuttering breath, relaxing back onto the sheets.

"You okay, Eds?" Richie asks, slowing his pace, but Eddie just wraps his legs tighter around Richie, urging him to continue.

"I'm fine, I'm fine, don't stop, please." God, he's so fucking close.

Richie fucks him harder, then, throws one of Eddie's legs over his shoulder so he can go deeper, change up the angle.

"Oh shit, oh God," Eddie wails. His nails are digging into Richie's skin so hard it has to hurt, but Richie just kisses him roughly, murmuring sweet nothings and encouragements against Eddie's lips.

Eddie tears his mouth away, panting into his own shoulder. "Richie, I think - think I'm gonna..." He trails off, whimpering as he feels himself get even hotter, tighter.

"Fuck yeah, good, that's good, Eds, come on baby." Richie urges, fucking him harder and faster, still. The sweat is pouring off of him now, dripping onto Eddie's skin, and it should be disgusting, but it's only turning Eddie on more - being close to Richie like this.

When it hits him, it's hits him hard. Eddie cries out, back bowing off the bed as he comes between them.

"Fuck!" He hears Richie yell, distant, like he's underwater.

And Eddie might be drowning - pleasure rolling over him in deep waves that leave him gasping as Richie fucks him through it.

When Richie's dick brushes up against his prostate on an errant thrust, Eddie feels his eyes roll back in his head before his vision goes black.

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He wakes up to the feeling of a cold cloth pressed against his forehead, and Richie's worried eyes peering down at him.

"Eds! Eddie. Thank God. You scared the shit out of me, man."

"What," he croaks, "the *fuck* was that?"

"You fainted."

"I did?"

"Yeah. You were out for like, two minutes. It was awful."

Eddie *feels* awful. He can't remember ever being this exhausted before in his life. He tries to sit up, gather his bearings, but his arms feel like jelly and Richie gently lowers him back to the mattress.

"Hey, hey. Relax. I called Stan, he said you shouldn't -"

"You called *Stan*?" Eddie asks, feeling his face heat up at the thought of their friend knowing. He glares at Richie, betrayed.

"What else was I supposed to do? You wouldn't wake up!"

"I don't fucking know, google it?" But the argument sounds weak even to him.

Richie just stares at him, eyes a little wild. "You expect me to trust a semi-reliable search engine over my best friend? Not likely, Eds. He

wouldn't steer us wrong."

Eddie knows that, but *still* . It's embarrassing. He groans, lifting a heavy arm and draping it over his eyes. He can feel his fingers trembling.

Richie hushes him and strokes a soothing hand along Eddie's forearm, slowly bringing him back to himself.

The hand disappears for a second and Eddie whimpers, slightly panicked. But then Richie's back, and he's carefully rolling Eddie onto his side, bringing a glass of water to Eddie's dry lips.

"Here, drink this." He tilts the cup, and lets Eddie take a couple of sips before setting it on the bedside table.

"Good, that's it. Feel okay, Eds?"

Eddie hums and burrows deeper into the pillows, managing to peek one eye open, which he uses to level Richie with a Look. It's impressive given the state he's in.

"You didn't come." He says accusingly, like it's somehow Richie's fault.

Okay, maybe it is, a little bit.

Richie looks down at his wilting dick, then back to Eddie, raising an eyebrow.

"Sorry, Eds. Seeing you go limp and unconscious on my dick doesn't really do it for me."

Eddie scoffs, using what little energy he has to roll back over onto his back. "You can, you know?" He says, aiming for sexy and missing by a long shot.

"I can what?" Richie asks, stroking Eddie's sweaty hair from his forehead. Eddie leans into the touch for a moment, then nearly knocks Richie on his ass with what he says next.

"You can *come* . On me. Please, I want you to."

“Eds...” Richie starts to protest, but he can feel himself getting hard again at the words. “Eddie...”

“Please, Rich? I’m so hot, don’t you want to cool me down?”

Richie almost swallows his tongue.

He reaches down and slowly starts to jerk himself to full hardness. It doesn’t take long, worked up as he had been.

“So good, Richie.” Eddie mumbles encouragingly. He looks high, lying there, all half-lidded eyes and loose limbs. “Getting yourself off for me.”

Richie strokes himself faster, the only sounds in the room are his harsh pants and moans, the telltale slick sounds of hands on skin, and the steady whirring of the cheap fan Richie had bought earlier that week when their AC unit went out.

“Eds -” Richie gasps out. The steady drip of precum making the slide that much easier.

“Yeah, baby?”

“Close.” Richie chokes out. “I’m gonna come.”

“Then come. Always so good for me. C’mon, baby, get me nice and wet.”

That’s all she fucking wrote.

Richie gasps once, twice, three times, entire body going tense and still before he starts to tremble - coming hard over his own hand and Eddie’s chest. He whimpers and moans, stroking himself through it until he’s spent.

Richie collapses on the bed next to Eddie when he’s done, fine tremors still coursing through his body, as he struggles to get his breath back.

“Jesus, Eds, I think you broke me.” Richie says, throwing an arm over his eyes as another aftershock wracks through him.

He doesn't see the incredulous stare Eddie sends him. " *I broke you ?* Richie, I passed out on your dick not even ten minutes ago!"

"Because of the *heat* ." Richie protests, finally meeting Eddie's gaze. He smirks. "My dick's not that good and we both know it."

"Oh, well, as long as you know." Eddie mocks. "Maybe next time when I say it's too hot, you'll fucking listen to me." He says, but he cuddles closer to Richie, anyway

Richie *won't* listen, but that's neither here nor there, because Eddie will still love him, and still kiss him, and still forgive him again and again.

*

Eddie really needs a shower.

He's disgusting and sweaty, and *hot* cradled tight as he is in Richie's arms.

He should probably eat something, too, since he's already starting to feel the signs of a hypoglycemic headache creeping up on him.

It can wait, though, because for the moment he's happy to lay in their bed, watching the sunset through their open curtains.

There's something about the way the setting sun paints the sky pink and orange that gives Eddie hope, a fluttering feeling of *okayness* that settles in his chest, reminds him that everything's going to be alright.

How could it not be?

He's got his best guy cuddled up behind him, and a roof over his head, and he's so far away from the memories of a town where the sun never seemed to shine.

He smiles to himself, lets the feeling of love wash over him, making him feel warm in the best type of way.

Eddie loves his life. He loves his job, he loves his house, and above all else - he loves his boyfriend.

He still fucking hates the summer, though.

Author's Note:

[@richienozier](#) yall already know.